

Lehi-My Old Home Town
By Mark E. Allred
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My Soul has shed a million tears,
And yet my cheeks are dry,
I spent this whole afternoon
On the street of old Lehi.

I didn't recognize a face,
I couldn't recall a name.
I'd been away for many years
And things were not the same.

You can never know what heartbreak is
Or the taste of lonely tears,
Till you return to your old home town
After being gone for fifty years.

The old school house has been torn down,
Tall weeds are growing there.
In memory, I saw my old gang
And heard their voices everywhere.

Curfew never rings at night
As it did in days gone by,
You could hear its music everywhere
On the streets of old Lehi.

There wasn't a cow on the dusty streets
Of old Lehi today.
Kid's don't take cows to pasture now,
That too has passed away.

The old Tabernacle steeple
With pigeons in it's dome,
Every kid in Lehi climbed it,
From it's top he could see his home.

It stood silent as a sentinel
T'was a beacon in the sky.
That old building now has been torn down
And I'll forever wonder why.

Spring Creek is silent as a tomb,
Both moss and cat-tails grow
But the killdeer and the blackbird sing,
As they used to long ago.

If you've ever lived in Lehi,
No matter where you roam
Or build a house and settle down,
You still call Lehi home.

But as I stood there on the corner
And watched the folks go by.
I knew I was a stranger
I know now why I cry.

Man can't stop time in it's flight
Nor halt crumble and decay.
But time makes men of school boys
And leaves men old and gray.

So I walked slowly down each street.
And let memory have it's way.
For I don't know what time will bring
Or if I'll be back someday.

Home Towns never stay the same,
They're Like Me and You,
We play our little part in life
Then disappear from view.

But when the master calls my name
And I pass through the gates on high
It will be just like coming home again
To the streets of Old Lehi